

CUPID BUSY AT AN ARMY POST

THREE GOVERNORS ISLAND BRIDES IN THREE DAYS.

Sergt. Walters started the Ball Rolling, and Another Non-Com and a Private Followed His Example—There May Be Another Wedding Soon, Gossip Says.

Governors Island is combating an outbreak of matrimony. There have been three marriages within a week, another is imminent and no one but those concerned can tell how many more are hatching.

According to Kipling "The Colonel's lady and Judie O'Grady are sisters under their skins." But why there are so many pretty nurse maids and waitresses on Governors Island, for an army post has just as much glamour for the maid as for the mistress and there wouldn't be any servant problem on Governors Island except for Dan Cupid.

Sergt. Walters of Company A and Elizabeth Toomey, a maid in the household of Col. Gorgas, Chief Surgeon of the Department of the East, started it. They had been sweethearts almost ever since the soldiers' battalion came to the post. She is a little bit of a girl, no higher than the six-foot sergeant's chevrons, but she has luck, and when Walters would have his own way she forgot all the hardships of a non-com's wife, and came with him last Wednesday to St. Rose of Lima's Mission at 7 State street, where they were married by Father Henry.

When she came back to the post with wedding ring the pulse beats of all lovers went up to danger point. That night by the Buttermilk Channel sea wall four people came to the same decision. First Sergeant Schwartz of Company F persuaded Maggie Dooley, the maid of his captain's wife, to be as brave as Lizzie Toomey. They went next day to Father Henry.

Gossip at the post is that a private had also decided to risk fate and has taken a bride.

Sergt. Webb of Company H and Maggie Sullivan, maid of Col. Garlington's household, are the pair that haven't taken the final step.

60TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sloan Celebrate—Mrs. Sloan's Birthday, Too.

Samuel Sloan said yesterday that the best thing he ever did was to get married. The occasion for the statement was that yesterday was the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, and the eighty-first anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Sloan.

Though they issued no cards their informal afternoon reception at their home, 1 East Thirty-eighth street, was very largely attended. Among those who called to offer their congratulations were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Robert Whitney, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Kendrick Terry, Prof. and Mrs. Osborn and E. N. Taylor.

Mr. Sloan was 28 years old in 1844 when he was married to Miss Margaret Elmdorf of Somerville, N. J. They have four daughters and three sons, Mrs. Edgar S. Auchincloss, Mrs. Joseph R. Duryea, wife of the pastor of Grace Reformed Church, Mrs. Richard C. Colt, Mrs. Joseph Walker, Jr., P. E. Sloan, Samuel Sloan, Jr., and Benson B. Sloan. Besides those of the children who were present there were twenty-six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. To add to the interest of the occasion, news came on Thursday of the birth of another grandchild, Mary Bliss Auchincloss.

WOMAN DIES AFTER A DEBAUCH.

Former Ballet Dancer's Body Is Bruised and Her Male Companion Is Held.

Rosa Beckett, a middle aged woman who was once a ballet dancer, was found dead in a room at 211 West Fifty-eighth street, yesterday morning. Her death was apparently due to alcoholism, but as both of her eyes had been blackened and other bruises were found upon her body, Albert Rosseter, a man with whom she had spent Thursday night in a drinking bout, was sent to the House of Detention by Coroner Scholer.

Mrs. Beckett was about 50 years old, and years ago came to this country from London to instruct the ballet in "The Queen's Mate," one of J. C. Duff's productions. Before that she had served in the ballets of London theatres, including the Drury Lane. Her fondness for drink caused her to lose her employment here.

About two months ago she rented a room on the third floor of the West Fifty-eighth street house, where Rosseter lives. The two having an equal fondness for drink, quickly became friends and spent much time together. On Thursday night Rosseter called at the woman's room with a bottle of whiskey and sat drinking with her until he fell asleep on the floor. In the morning when he woke he found that Mrs. Beckett had been blacked out for a physician. Dr. F. P. Fink of 911 Seventh avenue, who examined the woman, said that she had been dead probably for several hours.

The physician noted that the room had evidently been the scene of a struggle of some sort, and the eyes of both Rosseter and the dead woman were discolored. The man, trembling from the effects of his debauch, at first denied that he had struck the woman, but later, when questioned by Coroner Scholer, admitted that he might have fought with her while in an intoxicated condition.

Coroner Scholer ordered that an autopsy be performed upon the woman's body this morning.

"She has the appearance of a victim of alcoholism," he said, "her blackened eyes and the bruises about her head do not seem of a nature to cause her death, but they may have hastened it."

GUARD ANGERED MAGISTRATE.

Elevated Employer's Refusal to Reopen the Gate Delays a Court.

Magistrate Breen was half an hour late yesterday when he took his seat on the bench in the West Side court and his usually good temper was visibly ruffled. The first case called was that of Richard Pearson, who was charged with boarding an elevated train after the car gate had been closed by the guard. A starter stationed at 125th street and Eighth avenue was the complainant.

"You expect me to punish this man, do you?" asked the Magistrate when the starter told his story. "I've got something to say about elevated train guards myself. Five of them made me lose half an hour today. I am going to find out who he is and then—well, never mind."

"I had to go all the way down to Christopher street because of that guard. He closed the gate in my face twelve seconds by the watch before the bell rang, and though I implored him to let me on he refused. I was so put out that I did not notice that the next train was an express and I got on that. When it passed several stations I realized that I was in for a long ride. The prisoner is discharged."

Broke \$2,000 Worth of Glass.

John L. Baker treasurer of the Drevet Manufacturing Company, at 28 Prince street, appeared in the Tombs police court yesterday, to prosecute five Italian boys for smashing a pane of glass in a window of the factory. He told Magistrate Cornell that in the last two years stone throwers have broken between \$1,000 and \$3,000 worth of plate glass in the windows of the building. The boys were each fined \$3.

NEW BOOKS.

A Gloomy Son of the Soil.

We do not suppose that we are expected to approve of Richard Winstone in Mr. Charles Kennett Burrow's story of "The Yeoman" (John Lane). He starts us all up—a truculent and jealous character of overpowering obstinacy supplemented by a settled gloom. It would dearly gratify us to pinch him. Life as represented by him excites all our faculties of protest and opposition. If he could have had something in heroic doses for his liver it would probably have been an advantage for him and for the neighbors. He treated his cousin David, a friendly and inoffensive man, who had got rich in Australia, like a pickpocket, and, if the Hamers of Melworthy (Castle, an old and conscientious Roman Catholic family, had been sheep stealers he could not have hated them more bitterly. Even a Dorsetshire yeoman has no right to be too haughty.

One time the old curmudgeon was stamping on his farm in heavy, muddy boots when he met young Eustace Hamer coming along with Father Cathcart, his tutor. "Pack, both of you!" cried the yeoman, flourishing his whip. We read: "Cathcart stood firm; Eustace was straining to advance, all aquiver with rage. Take away your damned smooth face, I tell you (to the priest), or I'll—!" A burst of uncontrollable fury darkened Richard's brow; he sprang forward and slashed Cathcart across the face with the little willow switch he carried; the blood spouted; he drew back to strike again. But Eustace was upon him; the switch was wrenched from his hand, and in a moment the broken pieces lay at Richard's feet.

"You coward," Eustace panted; "you infernal coward!"

"Cathcart took him by the shoulder and drew him away. Come," he said, "there's been enough of this. Mr. Winstone, I hope you're satisfied. This mark will, perhaps, recompense you for our trespassing."

The yeoman proceeded to the exhibition of an emotion which, though mellowed and involving less pain to others, still somehow does not increase our liking for him. "Richard stared at them dully as they turned away, and from them to the scattered pieces on the path. A dead weight seemed to bear him down; he felt the shame of what he had done in his bones. Yet he was beyond penitence, or even apology; this was all part, it seemed, of the way he had to go, to which he was compelled by that power within himself, yet hardly of himself. This made the shame more bitter, so that if Cathcart and Eustace could have seen him a few minutes later, sitting, with his face buried in his hands, near the spot where he had struck the blow, they would have pitied him from their souls. For through his fingers there trickled a few tears wrung from the very depths of bitter hopelessness."

The reader will be sorry for his daughter Dorcas, who liked her cousin Ford Winstone, son of the hated David. Ford was faithful to a memory—he loved a girl who had died. One time Ford's mother noticed that he made no offer to escort Dorcas when she said good-by at the end of a visit. Thereupon this occurred:

"Must she go home alone?" asked Margaret.

"It's better that she should. . . . I've been with ghosts this afternoon." He sat down and hid his face.

"My son!"

"Yes, little mother. Her arm was heavy on his shoulder."

"You can't forget; don't try to forget. But, she paused and drew cool fingers across his forehead, isn't it possible to remember and still begin again?"

"Mother!" He drew her hands down and held them against his cheek. "Mother, mother!" The repetition of the sacred name was like a new birth pang to her. She caught him to her heart.

"Ford, an hour ago her head was there!"

"Poor child!" he said.

If we had been Dorcas we think we should have tried to love somebody else, but instead as her heart was set upon him we were glad for her sake when the young man found it possible to carry his mother's charitable suggestion into effect. It was gratifying some pages further along to read:

"Ford found himself possessed by an unusual serenity of mind, an engrossing quietness. His decision was made, his questionings hushed. The past was luminous with a memory of infinite sweetness, which held no reproach and took counsel with it, being assured at last that love for the living need do no wrong to the dead; nay, rather that the one gained truer perfection from the other, and that out of such sorrow sprang a stronger shoot of joy. To realize this was at once nobly humbling and divinely comforting. It put his spirit in tune with heights and depths."

The yeoman knocked his daughter down once in a fit of temper. It was a brutal thing to do, and yet the result was beneficial. It did not hurt Dorcas seriously, and Richard's conscience was so awakened that he became a better man. Eustace was drowned. If he had lived he would have been unhappy, for, of course, his passion for Dorcas was quite hopeless.

A carefully told story, which we should have liked just as well if it had been a little more cheerful.

Fiction for Summer Readers.

An unusually good collection of short stories by the late Henry Seton Merriman will be found in "Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Each has a strong dramatic point, and each is told directly and concisely, which will make the reader pardon the general tragic tone. To those acquainted with the author's longer tales his ability to condense a telling story in a narrow compass will seem surprising.

In the form of an old-fashioned love story with no novel elements E. Maria Albanesi's "Sunnah and One Other" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is a scathing satire on some forms of the new English woman. There are really two others of a rather conventional type, and an amusing infatuation story, but before Sunnah is a very nice girl, whom the reader will like, while the lady who plays the horses, with the one who flirts and lies, and her friend who smokes cigarettes and plays bridge, impossible though they seem, may pass for up-to-date women.

An amusing sketch, written with a light touch that is kept up consistently to the end, is Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's "The Day of the Dog" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). "The Day of the Dog" is an absurd one, but it is amusing, and the author probably finds it worth his while to turn his marked talent to such foolery. Still, it is something of a strain to convert a successful magazine story into a volume by itself.

Much heavier is the hand on "Daughters of Desperation," by Hildegarde Brooks (McClure, Phillips & Co.), another short story, which hardly deserves persecution. The fun poked at young men with a purpose may save it, while the hero's acceptance of existing circumstances is really humorous, but it takes much good will to swallow the love ele-

ment. This, like the preceding tale, turns on a dog.

We have met with many tales of the South, but never, until "The Tide Comes In," by Lucy Mearns Thurston (Little, Brown & Co.), with one that turned on truck farming. The novelty of the theme may excuse other shortcomings. The fight to save the crop for the market is distinctly good, as are, too, several descriptions of scenery. The several descriptions of the charming young woman about whom the story turns is hard to fathom. We can't get up much interest in the doings of the young man who wins her, or in the social science enthusiast who loses her, though he is amusing, if impossible. It is a great pleasure, however, to come upon a South that is wide awake to present day problems, and that is not fighting the old fight over again or worrying over the reconstruction times. For that we acknowledge deep gratitude to Mrs. Thurston.

There is no accounting for what an American woman will do when she has out loose from the restraints of home and lets her fancy rest on queer foreigners. The heroine of "A Woman's Will," by Anne Warner (Little, Brown & Co.), though a widow, falls in love with a persistent German, whose behavior verges on insanity. He belongs to the type that the girl favors with its attention before it shoots itself, a manifest error, which would be much improved by a reversal of the process. As she takes to him, however, and her relations help the matter along, no tragedy occurs. There is plenty of smart talk, and of disregard of conventionalities, so that it is possible that the book may encourage other American widows to make fools of themselves.

Charles Egbert Craddock, in "The Frontiersmen" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), stoops to short stories. The frontiersmen are subsidiary to the Indians, Cherokees and others, and two or three of the six tales are rather bits of history and folk lore than stories. When in the first of these tales, "The Linguist," the reader discovers that the heroine is called Peninah Penelope Anne, he will not look for a tragic termination, and he will not be disappointed.

Five very short stories, in most of which Poland is personified, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, have been translated by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin under the title "Life and Death" (Little, Brown & Co.). There are less than 60 pages of text in the volume, a very faint taste of a famous romance.

Bad boys and their tricks, boys who are the same the country over, though these belong to the West, fill the pages of Mr. Arthur J. Russell's "Stony Lonesome" (Rand, McNally & Co.). The incidents are natural and amusing, and the pictures, by Ruth Mary Hallock, very good.

Other Books.

The crime of republishing in America books that are not protected by international copyright has brought on the head of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Me., a deluge of abuse from the British press. Into the ethics of the question it is not our province to enter. We can only say that Mr. Mosher has presented to the American public in an extremely attractive dress a number of English books which are difficult to get otherwise, and which, we imagine, must appeal to a pretty wide public, even on the other side of the Atlantic. In so far as he has done the aggrieved authors the service of increasing their public. He now sends us three pretty little volumes: "Homeward: Songs by the Way," by A. E., which means Mr. George Russell, one of the new school of Irish poets, poems that are worth reading in spite of their artificiality and mysticism; "The Ballad of 'Mother, Go!' by C. S. A., which stands for Oscar Wilde; and a very pretty vest pocket edition of "Virginitas Puerile," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The typography of these books is exquisite.

Among the books brought out by the present war in the Far East are excellent ones to let alone is "Japan: Aspects and Destinies," by W. Petrie Watson (Grant Richards, E. P. Dutton & Co.). We don't know who Mr. Watson is, or what are his qualifications not to write about Japan. He manages to fill a volume with commonplace information accessible to any one in other books, dressed in pretentious language, that would be funny if there was not so much of it. Can it be that English publishers do not read the manuscripts they print?

That a large volume of 300 pages should be needed to contain the "Writings on American History" published during the year 1902, which has been compiled by Ernest Cushing Richardson and Anson Ely Morse (The Library Book Store, Princeton, N. J.), is startling, the more so that the authors speak of their catalogue as being merely an "attempt" and limit themselves chiefly to the United States, with memoranda on the parts of their countrymen. As a beginning such a book is admirable. It should turn into a complete bibliography of American history, and for this the contributions even of a single year, completely classified as these are, must be useful.

A book that should appeal to many people nowadays, an exposition of some of the chief financial swindles, has been prepared by Mr. John Hill, Jr., with the title "Gold Banks of Speculation" (Lincoln Book Company, Chicago). It describes "bucket-shops" and the "get-rich-quick" concerns, telling among others the stories of the Franklin syndicate and the E. S. Dean Company, shows how the swindlers work on the public and endeavors to draw the line between legitimate and improper speculation, pointing out in what ways the latter forms should be checked. It is unusual for the general reader there is unusual interest in Volume XII of "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898," edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland), because half the volume is taken up with the continuous description, by Father Pedro Chirino, of the labors of the Jesuit Fathers in the islands, and his own observations at the end of the sixteenth century. We are glad to see this admirable undertaking progressing steadily according to the programme mapped out at the beginning.

The lavish illustrations to the first volume of "Geology" by Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury in the "American Science Series," published by Henry Holt & Co., make it the heaviest book of its size that we have come across in a long time. It deals with "Geological Progress and Theory Results," beginning with astronomical geology and geogony, describing the action of water and snow and ice and of the ocean and after that telling of the origin and descent of rocks, about structural geology, the movements of the earth's body and the extrusive processes, winding up with the geological functions of life.

There are also "The Geographical Progress and Theory Results," beginning with astronomical geology and geogony, describing the action of water and snow and ice and of the ocean and after that telling of the origin and descent of rocks, about structural geology, the movements of the earth's body and the extrusive processes, winding up with the geological functions of life.

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Another of the excellent "Monographs on Artists" edited by Prof. H. Knackfuss (Verlag von C. Neumann, Leipzig; Lemcke & Buechner, New York) has come to us in the "Rubens" by Prof. Knackfuss himself. There are 122 illustrations to accompany a careful estimate of the artist's work, and whose merit depends so largely on color, are less satisfactory than in other books of the series. The portraits and pencil sketches are good, but there is no hint of the pink and white adipose that marks Rubens's female nudes. For some reason the remarkable series of Marie de Medicis allegories in the Louvre is represented merely by a few outlines from the small sketches at Munich.

Books Received.

"Caroline the Illustrious, Queen Consort of George II." W. H. Williams. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"By the Fireside." Charles Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"How to Teach a Foreign Language." Otto Jespersen. Ph. D., translated by Sophia Yhlen. (Oxford University Press.)

"The American Problem." Joseph A. Vance. (The Wisconsin Publishing Co., Chicago.)

"Young Explorers of the Amazon." Edward Stratemeyer. (Lee and Shepard.)

"Poems." Arthur C. Benson. (Macmillans.)

"General Joseph Graham and his Papers on North Carolina Revolutionary History." Major William A. Graham. (Edwards & Broughton, Raleigh, N. C.)

"The Issue." George Morgan. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Observazioni di un Muzeista Nord-Americano." Luigi Lombard. (Frustini Treves, Milano.)

"Recollections of a Royal Academician." John Calcutt Hordley. R. A. (P. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Robert Browning." Edward Dowdell. (J. M. Dent & Co., P. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Social Disease and Marriage." Prince A. Morozov. M. D. (Lee Brothers & Co.)

"By the Good Saint Anne." Anna Chapin Ray. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"George Canning." W. Alison Phillips. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Poems." Andrew Edward Walcott. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Even Thine Altars." G. J. F. (The Nunc Leaf Press, Philadelphia.)

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